

COLLEGE CHEER

FIFTH CLASS SPECIAL.

Managed by Carl Gaul, Thomas Duffy, William Murphy, Thomas Flynn.

VOL. XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1919

NO. 10.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick's Day this year found Ireland nearer her long desired freedom than ever before; found her a newly established republic, with the sympathy of the world seemingly on her side; found her for the first time in history firmly united. Internal dissensions have yielded to the one grand hope of liberty. In Ireland, this day was celebrated with a new significance; no longer was it a mere celebration, a memorial of the past, but it was a glorious demonstration of Democracy.

In America, this day was an occasion of great mass meetings whose purpose was to obtain recognition of Ireland's rights. It was an occasion of parades, speeches and entertainment. And Collegeville was no exception. An informal program of the R. J. S. C., followed by the rendition of "Pizarro" by the C.L.S. fittingly commemorated St. Patrick's eve. But Mother Nature, remembering the long centuries of persecution and sorrow, could not repress her tears, and the morning dawned dark, gloomy, showery. This was, indeed, a disappointment, for it meant that our annual "Character Parade" would have to be cancelled. But a few fellows, who refused to be downed by the weather, soon had a rip-roaring basket-ball game in full blast.

Nature was still weeping, when afternoon arrived, so the Seniors, in true philosophical mood, forgot the parade. Not so the Juniors. A few indomitable spirits issued forth all resplendent in the "mickey" attire.

As the Upper-classmen's constitution will only permit a certain amount of rain, we probably missed a good deal of the demonstration. But we didn't miss Dutch's hat, nor the two old paddies, who, on more careful observation, proved to be Phalen and Flanagan.

C. L. S. PROGRAM PIZARRO.

On Sunday, March 16th, the C. L. S. presented the drama "Pizarro." As the title suggests, it dealt with the life of that intrepid adventurer, the conqueror of Peru, Francesco Pizarro. We were taken to the land of the Incas, given an insight into the nefarious operations of the Spaniards there. Spanish cavaliers, monks, soldiers, there were in great profusion; defiant Peruvians passed in review before us. Blood and thunder there was, too, for, if we remember aright, three men gave up the ghost in the progress of the play. The players earned our quarter.

Before the program, I had heard various remarks from different persons that the play "Pizarro" would be a complete failure, both on account of the play itself, and the actors. Conse-

quently, pessimism settled upon me like a pall, it depressed my otherwise exuberant spirits. I expected the worst, but felt that I was able to endure it. Soon after the play had begun, however, these apprehensions of disaster were cast aside, and I settled myself to enjoy the treat.

As matters stand now, I had not much regard for the play itself, but rather for the acting. The original play was, probably, decidedly better than the version rendered on the 16th. We saw the expurgated version, said expurgation consisting in cutting out feminine characters. A much more vivid impression would have been made if we had seen the object of both Alonzo's and Rolla's love. The acting, in this case, saved the play.

Among the actors, Joseph Feldkamp and Thomas Ryan were the particular stars. Others there were, whose parts were not quite as long, who deserve equal praise. Ferdinand Vonder Haar as Las Casas, and Louis Pottkotter as an Inca chief, acquitted themselves most creditably. Rufus Esser and Joseph Raible played their parts well. Occasionally of course, actions occurred well illustrating the theory that it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Once, for instance, the king was seen engaged in battle, clad in the royal purple, and wearing the crown on his head. Again, one of the Spanish guards most persistently ignored the commands of his dread leader Pizarro, seemingly rooted to the spot through admiration of Elviro's gay apparel.

On the whole, the play was a credit to the C.L.S. for acting is the all important thing, and if through superb acting a play of mediocre quality has been made a work of merit, the society may well believe it has achieved success.

BASEBALL.

Into the discard with Basketball! This has been one of its most successful years, and although the sport is very popular at St. Joe, yet we gladly see it leave, for we know from experience, that a greater, a more popular sport will follow.

We feel the gradual atmospheric change, we perceive the reawakening of nature, we hear the long-silent song of birds, we realize the transition from cold, dreary winter to cheerful spring, we see and feel a thousand other changes, the messengers of spring. But, even if we did not, the sudden activity of the campus would proclaim it. The many spheres sailing here and there in seemingly careless abandon would tell us spring has arrived.

Our enthusiasts have been out for weeks past; the call of spring is irresistible and what a thrilling sensation does the first toss not bring to us. How light, how docile to the touch! We wonder if this is really the same ball we put away last

autumn, it seems so much smaller, and then we remember the clumsy basketball, and our surprise is gone.

Baseball is synonymous with spring and summer. Who can remember the one without recalling the other. This close association dates back to our corner-lot days. Schools are now equipped with modern contrivances of amusement, they are the product of much labor, thought and expense; but there is no envy on our part. The memory of those corner-lot afternoons is ample satisfaction, indeed, for all these modern improvements. We remember the first team we made, probably just barely slipped in with the older boys, and were glad to receive Right Field. What an honor, what a distinction! Has college adorned us with any greater glory? We wisely smile when these reminiscences recur, and yet deep down in our secret soul, we silently affirm; "Those were the days."

A noted physician once said that baseball was the most potent medicine he could prescribe. It is the easiest and most efficient exercise we know. It is one of the few forms of exercise that we really love, and it not only develops the body, it trains the mind to quick, decisive thinking. We will meet many problems in later life demanding as quick a decision, and as sure a throw as baseball requires. How many games have we seen won, not by the superior ability, nor by the common baseball god, designated "luck," but by the quick decision of an individual player. So it is in the greatest of games, — life. It is not the man with the highest intellectuality, but the quick decisive thinker who will take advantage of the opportunity, and first reach the goal. The mind and body are always on the alert, ready for any contingency that may arise. But the mental and physical are not the only advantages derived from baseball. There are the social. What is more conducive to real sportsmanship and fair play? Where is the square deal more in demand, more in use? Where is the spirit of genuine fellowship better nurtured, where is the spirit of true Americanism more fostered?

Baseball has more influence in character formation than any other sport, the man or boy, who can lose with the same broadminded spirit as he can win with, has learned one of life's most important problems.

Baseball is the only sport commercialized to any great extent in the United States, and this commercialization, contrary to the opinion of some, does not detract from its pristine amateur worth, but elevates it not only to the national representation of amusement but to a scientific basis that appeals to us the more, as we grow older. For the college student demands that mental, as well as physical activity enter into his sports. Baseball is national in extent, for it is found in every section, among all classes of people in the United States. It is national in spirit for it expresses the freedom, the unrestrained vigor of its enthusiasts.

THE BASEBALL OUTLOOK.

The Cheer desires to compliment the baseball try-outs for their splendid spirit thus far shown,

not only in hard practice, but in the more unpleasant task of putting the diamond in shape.

We have a large number out this year, and there seems to be a good deal of undeveloped material. The team will be no cut and dried affair, for there are several contestants for each position, each determined to make the team. This is the spirit we want to see and much credit is due our hard-working manager for his untiring efforts.

So far, about seven games have been scheduled, and the schedule is far from complete. Many members of last year's team are out, and while their experience proves a great help, yet none are absolutely sure of their position. We can't have a team without competition, and therefore our pleasure in the present condition.

On account of our early start, and the general enthusiasm, the year promises to be of the most successful we have known.

TENNIS.

With the advent of Spring comes the thought of baseball to the fan, the call of the water to the swimmer, and tennis to the court enthusiast. As the bird twitters, the bees hum, and all nature adorns herself with her most becoming verdure, our palms itch for the feel of our trusty old racket. The desire for clay under the feet, a scorching sun above us, and a worthy competitor on the far side of the net, makes our blood run a swifter course, and adds a zest to life. As it is the world over, so it is at St. Joe's. Not meaning to say that St. Joe can be compared to this great big, democratic world of ours. No. Merely for want of a better comparison.

Tennis is a game, a clean game, adaptable to both men and women. It affords excellent opportunity for physical and mental development. It calls forth all our energy to block the assaults of our opponent, or to attack him. It trains the mind to concentrate on one thing, and that one thing is to out-guess and to outplay our opponent. Some may say that tennis is a girl's game. All we can say to such is, "Try it and see." Of course, the presence of those of the opposite sex may add to the pleasures of the game, but tennis is in no wise an effeminate game.

St. Joe is well fitted with all the requisites for the enjoyment of the game. Five fairly good courts and a fluke will give all a chance to play almost at any time. Plenty of good rackets and balls are available. Only in one thing is she lacking, and that is free time. Hardly do we get interested when the "Sweet tongued notes of the bell" call us to classes. Let the tennis slogan for this term be, "Give us time to turn around in and we will move the world."

We have an able and judicious manager at the head of tennis, as of all other sports, in the person of the Reverend Director. He is sacrificing his time and energy for our pleasures, so why not show the right spirit, and reciprocate. Show a true sportsmanship spirit. Start out with a lot of "pep." We want a tennis team and town tournaments.

COLLEGE CHEER.

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ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
 COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Wednesday, April, 2, 1919.

EDITORIALS.**WORRY.**

Worry is the most common disease yet discovered. We do not believe that we have ever met with one person who has not, at some time or other, been afflicted with it. But its special victims are the unhappy inmates of educational institutes around exam times. Now that the dread malady has, in some degree, at least, subsided, we may look back and examine its symptoms and its affects with all the pleasure of experience and reminiscence.

The first onslaught of the disease at Collegeville, became apparent under the most alarming symptoms. About the 19th of the month, this stage reached its maximum. It might then be observed by any, even the most indifferent, listener in the middle of the upper corridor, at any time when classes or studies were not in progress. To such a listener, so posted, weird sounds of wailing would seem to proceed from each class room, cries of "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," — "Give me liberty or give me death," — "O Captain, my captain," and other symbols of grief, rent the air, with uncanny persistency. Approach to any of the doors, and the observer might then behold a solitary figure in the room gesticulating wildly and "holding discourse with the incorporeal air." This is known as the Expression stage of Worry.

Then followed the Latin stage. Its symptom was inability to sleep on the part of some few members of the community. They might have been observed o'er the "morn in russet mantle clad" had made his appearance, diligently conning the expected tasks of the day.

The Greek stage was apparent in more extensive evidence of the Latin symptoms. Restlessness increased. — Inability to sleep became more prevalent. — Every former symptom was accentuated.

The Math stage marked the decline of the malady. But its departure left the victim weak, pallid and despondent, and in a few cases these effects are still to be observed.

Now, we ask, why do we worry? We have seen so many condemnations of worry, that we have come to believe that perhaps there is some good in it after all. Worry is like a boil, it's very painful while it lasts, but it's mighty beneficial when it's all over. It seems we have read somewhere about a fellow named Epicurus, who fasted all day that he might enjoy a crust at night. Well, that's the way it is with worry. You're so miserable while it lasts, that you imagine you're having a good time when it's over.

Current Reading.

Were Thomas Paine now living, we would again read that famous line: "These are the times that try men's souls." The world is literally torn asunder by conflicting elements, daily new forces appear to augment the chaos. Revolution is rampant in Russia, Germany and Corea; England quakes at the voice of the working classes; discord prevails at the Peace Conference; Wilson may be repudiated by Congress; Ireland continues to hold the world's attention. The above are a few of the great events of the last five months, yet, in the face of all this turmoil one finds the average student passive and uninterested, as if at college he were hibernating for a few years, apart from the world.

The principal function of a Catholic college is to make of a student a strong defender of the faith. It goes without saying that the principles of Catholicity are instilled into us here, but principles alone will not win the day. Action is imperative. And for action, we must be familiar with the trend of events. How can we defend the Church's attitude on Prohibition without reading her arguments on that subject? Will we be able to answer questions intelligently on the Smith Bill, with only a vague, indefinite conception of it?

The second great function of a college is to make good citizens of the student body. In our own country, the greatest republic on earth, it is vitally necessary that we become conversant with national and state affairs in order, later on, to vote intelligently on the various questions of the day. An intelligent voter is the greatest asset a nation can have, a stupid one, a dead loss to any country. The only way to become informed on such matters is to read the daily papers, (especially the editorials,) and the representative magazines, weekly and monthly. Not that we should submit unconditionally to the judgment of the writer. We should gather the facts, digest them well, and then form our opinion. The more opinions we will have read about any topic, the better and more fair will be our own conclusion. Thus we can assert both our intelligence and independence.

As to the library's assortment of national periodicals, suffice it to say that it is complete in every detail. Everyone interested in Church and Country should read "America," the national Catholic weekly; the "North American Review," and "Harvey's Weekly" deal more exhaustively

with every conceivable political topic; the "Atlantic Monthly" and "Scribner's Magazine" contain valuable information on matters of social import; if you are interested in the Irish Question read the "Chicago Citizen." Above all, read the editorials of the "Chicago Tribune," and study the cartoons for there you will find expressed vividly, the spirit of the age.

By this is not meant, however, that political events alone should occupy your attention. There are events equally, if not more important, occurring every day. I refer to events in literature and the other arts. In art, you may find the spirit of the day more faithfully portrayed, perhaps, than in the daily paper, for it admits of no propaganda. Art is the expression of the Beautiful, and the Beautiful is Truth.

The library is, indeed, well supplied with literary magazines. Of these, the most notable are the "Atlantic Monthly," "The Century Magazine," and "Scribner's." In these you will find, besides treatises on the various topics of the day, a chronicle of the month's events in literature, painting and sculpture. Our greatest poets and essayists contribute to these magazines. The paintings of our greatest artists are reproduced therein.

For the devotee of music, "The Musician," a monthly magazine, is at hand. For the beginner, this will have, perhaps, but little interest, for sometimes the articles are rather abstruse to all save the music teacher. The chronicle, however, of musical happenings such as the progress of the operas, and announcement of the latest compositions, will be a source of much information and pleasure to everyone.

Having assimilated all of the above named papers and magazines, you may consider yourself on the high road to education and a successful career.

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ODE TO THE FIFTH.

Divine Calliope, sweet cadence bring;
The glory of the Fifth, O Muses, sing.
For as I sit within this columned hall,
(Temple of learning, and art's citadel),
Mine eyes sweep over all this mottled throng,
In swelling numbers am I borne along,
For, there upon his dais raised, behold!
Great Phoebus rules us with his power untold;
Phoebus the gentle, and the kind of heart.
There in the van beneath his watchful eye,
Diligent juniors work industriously,
While far back, are the Seniors, hid from sight.
(Tis well! The Sixth will not well bear the light.)
But here, within this central part enshrined,
The demi-gods of Collegeville we find.
And Murphy, in the central part of all,
Surveys with kindled eye the crowded hall.
Is he not, Muses, (answer, I demand),
Chief of all of this illustrious band?
Yea, and by the power of fragrant weed,
He solves all questions, pro or con, at need.

Here smiles O'Brien with his noble brow,
Here must all virtues to the victor bow,
Did he not leave the leadership of Mars
For loftier place amid Apollo's stars!
Apollo, grateful for this homage done,
Hath been most generous to Pete, his son.
Many are the gifts of the Muses nine,
But not for one hast thou, Flynn, cause to pine!
Songster and orator, genius and wit,
Not one great character, but thou art it!
But for O'Connor, what plea shall I make
Who thinks a college is for learning's sake?
Him, as adopted son, sweet Delizeuse must take.
But these are sons of Erin and her fame,
What glory more, can inspiration name?
Yet think not, Ireland, thou alone hast claim
To all the ornaments of this, our time,
There's Feltes, the ponyless, and Shaffer the sublime.
Forget not Harry with his winsome way,
He knoweth much, and he hath much to say.
And Gaul, — the patron of the higher art,
(If only from the fragrant weed he'd part,
How would his high perfection thrill the heart.)
And thou, Mnemosyne, reveal the charm
With which thy daughters our sweet Tony arm,
For sure a muse conferred each single grace
That decks our Lupus; — mind — form, — figure, — face.
Yet, Lupus, hear an humble warning voice:
To worldly stage-craft yield not thy heavenly choice.
And, shielding Lupus as a father might,
Strong Alice Huber, with the hair of light
Commends himself by personal appeal
For all Al's amiabilities are real.
And next, — next, — (I falter as I speak)
An alter Demosthenes, — (for thoughts, for words I seek),
The beauty of Adonis! Jove's own stoop!
The front of Mars! — O need I name thee, Scoop!
And then there's little "Otto," lovely child.
"O, Klass," with temper sweet, and manner mild.
O gracilis puer, what form is here?
What youth do all the goddesses hold dear?
O Hession, paragon of form and grace,
Noble in stature, with yet nobler face!
And for thee Harber, some Maeonian lyre
Must tell of thine athletic fruitful fire!
Mine is not powerful enough to sing
The victories of great Olympic king.
There's our Westhoven of the dreamy voice,
There's Justin Oppenheim, Cecilia's choice,
(For sure, no pagan muse could e'er inspire
Music so pregnant with celestial fire.)
And thou, O Duffy, may the muse forbid
That thy almost-perfection should be hid. —
In strength of mind and soul I know not one
Who would e'er do the deeds thou wilt have done;
As in all things else, so in sports, an ace, —
Joy thrills me when I see thee guard fifth base.
There is not one in all this vast array,
To whom the sire of literature can say:
"Depart, I know ye not, O ye that fail!"
There is not one, so, TO THE FIFTH, ALL HAIL!

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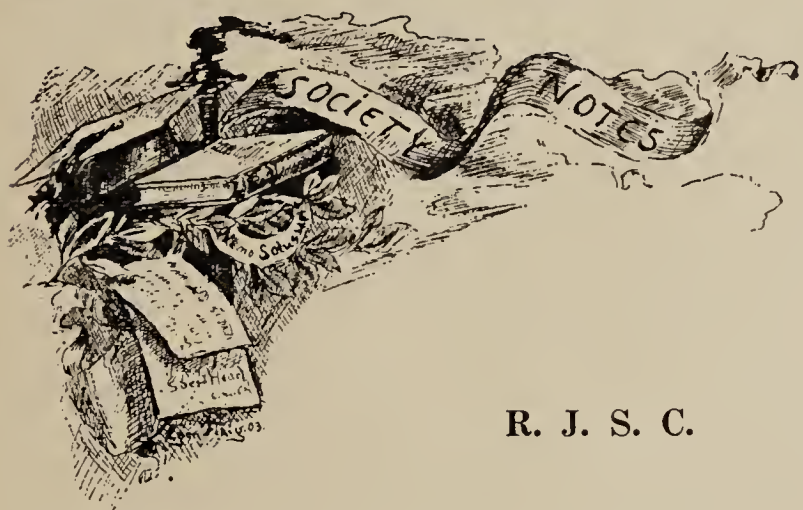
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R. J. S. C.

The St. Patrick's Day celebration this year had a far more auspicious beginning than end. The Raleigh Jolly Smoking Club, (long may it live) launched the festival with a pleasing program presented at the club on Sunday night, March 16.

A galaxy of stars was gathered to grace the occasion. The selections rendered had an Irish flavor quite in harmony with the day. The program is here submitted:

"Casey at the Bat"	Carl Gaul.
"Pat's Mistake." Selection.....	Jos. Hession
"Wearing of the Green." Selection.....	Wm. Murphy.
"St. Patrick" Selection	T. Duffy.
"Mother Machree." Song	J. Connelly.
"Where the River Shannon flows."	J. O'Brien.
"Steve O'Donnell's Wake." Vocal Duet.	
	Flynn & O'Brien.
"Musical Selection"..... by the S. C. Orchestra.	
"Braking on the Train." Song	T. Flynn.

Who surveying the above, can doubt that we spent a pleasant evening? Jos. Hession, Thomas Duffy, and Carl Gaul occasioned much merriment by their renditions. Wm. Murphy provided the only serious selection of the evening in "The Wearing of the Green." Flynn, especially seemed deeply moved upon hearing this piece. The chief contribution to the program's success, however, was the indomitable Thomas himself. That classic ballad of the road "Braking on the Train" was received with great enthusiasm, so great, indeed, that the audience demanded an encore, which Flynn gladly gave. Other great singers, please follow this example. Jas. (Pete) O'Brien, after delighting the club with his first vocal selection,

carried the house with Flynn, by singing that song of songs "Steve O'Donnell's Wake."

We must not forget the orchestra in this chronicle, during intermissions it rendered the latest music, in the most approved style. Such, in brief, is the story of the program, a program unique in many ways, and reflecting great credit upon the ingenuity of the R. J. S. C. members.

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Lupus: (As a reparation for my associates.)
Huber: (Translating Virgil) — "Three times
I strove to cast mine arms about her neck." —
That's as far as I got, Father.
Prof: Well that's far enough for to-day.

THINGS SELDOM SEEN IN COLLEGEVILLE.
Sun shining on a free day.
An exam question easy to answer.
Lupus' hand down in class.
Schaffer silent
The moon at midnight.
Chicken for dinner.
Hank Cook without a chew.
Brother William striking for a long sleep.
Harvey Lambert on time for Chapel.
Geo. LaMotte late for dinner.
Joe Feldkamp giving anyone first on his pie.
Chas. Feltes shooting baskets.
Duffy acting rough in the corridors.
Murphy pulling down 90% in Greek.
Flynn studying "Trig."
Harber with a first class hair cut.
Wellman without his "old sewer."
Our boxing instructor in good humor.
Daleiden eating candy.
Lear cracking original jokes.
Reichert waiting on the trade.
Carl Gaul worrying about his average.
Matt Heyker without Simion.
Striff without his powder puff.
O'Brien without a grouch.
Vonder Haar without that "Good Advice."

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MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD.

By the Author of "Chivalry," "Critics" etc.

"The merry days of youth are beyond control,
And it's hard to part forever from the Old Swimming
Hole."

With a sigh of contentment mingled with sadness, I read these words of Indiana's sweet poet, and easing myself back in the old arm chair, light my pipe, and in the dim shadow of the shaded lamp, gaze with half closed eyes at the beautiful pictures of boyhood days that float with the fragrance of my tobacco smoke, and slowly vanish into space. Each ring carries a different picture.

Somehow, I love to dream of those days, when all the world was but a toy, when the cares of life were none and even our simple childhood trials could be drowned in the limpid waters of the "Old Swimming Hole." And, although the old days are gone forever, they will always be to me, as flowers of memory that are as sweet as the fragrance of a crushed rose.

To-day while sitting at my office desk, a robin called to me through the half open window, and at once my desk became the ink bespattered one, my school days knew. Then such a call was sause enough for "playing hookey." And now once again my blood leaps to flee from my unanswered letters, and follow the robin's note through the daisy patch and drown my troubles in the "Old Swimming Hole, as I used to do in days of yore.

Ah, as my lamp light flickers slightly, I can see the old place again, floating on a cloud of perfumed smoke. There in the pasture field it lies freshened by the devoted daisies that cover its banks. I remember it could not at first be seen because of the little green hill on the far side, but I can even now hear the musical trickle of the water, hurrying from the shady woods, under the old log fence, on the way to refreshen us with its sweetness. I can see again the old diving board, and the boy, as he leaped to caress his shadow in the water. Again I lean over the bank, and gaze with delight at the face that looks back at me with such tenderness. I wonder if the old elm still shades that place, and smiles at the antics of the boys, as it used to long ago.

Now my fancy wanders to the early morn, when before the sun had peeped in my little bedroom window, I would awaken to the music of the "sparrows' orchestra" that gave a daily concert in the boughs of the big maple. Then I would don my full dress suit that matched the flowers and trees.

There it is, hanging on the little chair at the side of the bed the ragged blue overalls, the tiny blouse, and the torn straw hat, that tried its best to keep prisoner the sunbrowned hair. No society model in all his finery was ever clothed as finely as this. And I long to be clothed again in this same garb and track up the dusty lane that led to the fragrant woods where the wild rose blossomed for the birds and for me.

Now truant fancy puts the little pail in my hand and takes me through the underbrush, where the luscious raspberry lived. Again I can taste the delicious pie that mother made, and that left its tell-tale marks upon my face from ear to ear.

My dream is rudely broken by the clock on the mantle, and I realize that my pipe has gone out, and my beautiful pictures have vanished into space with the last fragrant cloud of smoke. And, as I slowly start to retire, the following lines of the poet come to me and I breathe a sigh of contentment.

"Let fate do her worst,
There are visions of joy,
Bright dreams of the past,
Which she cannot destroy,
That come in the night time,
Of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features,
That joy used to wear."

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THINGS HEARD IN COLLEGEVILLE.

Schaffer, ? ? ? ? ? ? ! ! ! ! ! ? ———
Westhoven, kidding Flynn.
McGinty, talking loud in the dorm.
Cote's defiance to Mutter.
Schmidty telling about Kalida.
Hession practising expression.
O'Conner not plugging.
Some midget boosting the "Cheer."
Koch's & Kampsen's bombardment in the Chapel.
Young Hession surviving a gas attack.
Carl Schnitz out for the math medal.
Daleiden talking back to Cue-ball.
John Jobst making **Hughie** angry.
Hank imitating a sparrow.
Duffy eating soup.

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THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

The Final Exams.
The price of Camels.
The Commencement Ball.
That six bits you owe the "Cheer."
Mother's Lemon Pies.
What she's doing now.
The Willard and Dempsy fight.
How to escape the squirrels.
That check from home.



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